

## IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

By MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

WE thank Thee, O our Father,  
For all Thy tender care,  
And ask that we may ever  
Thy gifts with others share.  
We thank Thee for the comforts,  
The common joys of life;  
For health and strength to labor,  
Freedom from want and strife.

Thanks for our common blessings,  
The friends that cheer our way,  
Thy joy for them to labor,  
Thy sweet for them to pray.

Thanks for the highest blessings  
Thy matchless love has given,  
Faith in the world's Redeemer,  
Hope of a home in heaven.

Thanks for the disappointments  
That test our hopes and faith;  
That teach us to look forward  
To joys that cannot fail.  
And so, though tears are falling  
O'er joys forever flown,  
We thank Thee for the sorrows  
Our human hearts have known.  
—Christian Herald.



Mary Acker sat on the foot of the bed, her hand-book on her knee, a pencil between her fingers, and a frown on her low, broad brow.

"Twenty-nine from seventy-five leaves forty-six," she murmured to herself. "Even then it won't be so very much. The silk in that waist is worse than a second, and the hat looks as though it came off a bargain counter—which it did."

The frown deepened and the pencil made uncertain, imaginary lines in midair.

"Oh, dear, what's the use of living in a city and being nobody—because it takes a million to be somebody?"



—A. H. Conant, Illinois, in Leslie's.

She bent down the pencil and the book, reached over to the bureau, and resting the palm of her hands on the top she studied the reflection in the mirror. Yes, she was pretty! And she didn't need a mirror to tell her so. The admiring glances of men who passed her on the street and the outspoken admiration or unveiled jealousy of the girls in the store where she clerked had told her this every day since she had come to town. And with a certain sense of satisfaction she realized further that she was a very different girl from the frightened country lassie who had started in as a wrapper at Blank & Dash's department store two years back.

It had been a hard struggle. She had lived at first at a working girl's home, but as her salary had been gradually raised she had gone to a more attractive boarding-house. Still she realized more and more each day that she was a mere atom in this city life. She had made a few acquaintances at the church where she had enrolled, but Sunday often found her too tired to leave the house, or she had a little washing or mending to do. Somehow she had never been able to fraternize with the girls at the store, and the invitations which she had received from callow youths who shared her work behind the counter had been unattractive. Very different had been her picture of the new life in Boston, when, in defiance of the wishes of her family, and of Jim Coleman, who had been her avowed suitor ever since he had carried her books to the district school, she had turned her back on Newton Village and her face toward Boston.

She was going to see life. She was going to be one of those bachelor maids that she had read about. She would be a part of the picture and action of the great city, and now, today, she realized for the first time that she had an opportunity to take part in the glittering side of life. She had received an invitation from Harold Goldman, who sold the firm buttons and buckles. It was at this counter that Mary worked, and young Goldman had been attracted to her from the first, but for some reason which the girl could not explain she had gently parried his invitations.

This morning, however, he had touched the right cord and she had responded. He had been holding up his samples and stopped suddenly.

"Gee, but I read the day after tomorrow! Holidays in town are always lonesome if you don't know a lot of people."

Mary nodded her head; she had been thinking of Thanksgiving Day.

"What," continued Goldman, "do you want to celebrate together? You can get a good rag and we'll go to the... A fashionable cafe for the... and theatrical set).

"For a minute Mary's eyes sparkled. She realized that the girls within earshot were consumed with envy. Then something in her Puritan

up-bringing rebelled. A hotel dinner on Thanksgiving Day; a show instead of a quiet evening with relatives and friends around the family hearthstone. But only for an instant did this thought intrude. She had always wanted such experiences. Goldman was a salesman; he could afford it. She accepted promptly. Then she went upstairs to the suit department with the firm intention of purchasing the "glad rags" to which Goldman had referred. Still, night found her with the raiment unpurchased.

"It is so cheap," she sighed to herself, as she thought of the factory-made silk gown and the ready-to-wear hat at which she had looked.

Another thing that bothered her was the fact that she could not forget the imitation jewelry Goldman wore, and a certain obnoxious brilliancy that she had noted at times in his eyes. His conversation, too, was not the sort Mary had been accustomed to in her social life at home. It was the jargon of the city shops, of the girls she did not like. She did not so much object to drawing her savings from the bank to buy the clothes as she did object to wearing them. Something within her cried out against mock finery.

She was still debating the question when a knock sounded at her door. The maid handed her a bulky express package addressed in her father's stiff, irregular handwriting. Mary ripped the cords and an exclamation, half laughing, half fearful, escaped her lips. Pies and cakes there were, home-made cheese, nuts and ears of popcorn; raised on the farm. She read the note with brimming eyes:

"Dear Daughter—I reckon you can get pies in Boston, but not the kind your mother makes. We are sending you this, thinking perhaps you might give some of your girl friends a treat on Thanksgiving night, and wishing

## WHO'LL GET THE THANKSGIVING DINNER?



—Life.

you could spare the money to come home for the Thanksgiving dinner. Maybe another year you can do so. Of course we know it costs you an awful lot to live in town, and things have not gone very well on the farm this year, so we can't afford to send you the money. We'll be thinking of you, though, on Thanksgiving Day.

"Your affectionate father,"

"JOHN ACKER."

Mary read the letter through twice. Girl friends! She had none. She hardly knew the people in the house where she boarded. She thought of the seventy-five dollars in the bank. What had she been saving it for? To buy fine clothes when she became part of the city life; and how far would seventy-five dollars go? She asked the question bitterly.

All of a sudden she seemed to see her mother in the big, cheerful kitchen, singing over the preparations for a Thanksgiving dinner. But would she be singing with a daughter far away from her in a strange, lonesome city? No, they did not look on her as being lonesome; no doubt she was having a very good time, for Mary had always kept up appearances in her letters. And then she happened to see the postscript on the back of her father's note:

"Jim Coleman bought Deacon Wilson's store at the Corners. He's fixing it up in good shape, and they say that Myra Wilson's going to stay and clerk for him."

Just how it happened Mary could never tell, but suddenly the picture of Goldman, the salesman in his mock jewelry, came before her and offended her mental vision.

It was 4 o'clock the next day before she thought of him again, she had been so busy with her preparations to leave town. Now she hurried to the telephone.

"Oh, Mr. Goldman," she exclaimed as she heard his voice at the other end of the wire, "I am going home for Thanksgiving, so I can't take dinner with you to-morrow night."

"Well, you're a wonder," in disgusted accents, "to throw a fellow down like this at the last minute. You're a peachinero, that's what you are."

The rebuke fell on heedless ears. Mary's next visit was to the telephone office. She wrote three messages and tore them up. The final one said: "James Coleman, Newton Village: Send word to mother I'll be home for Thanksgiving and always."

"Myra Wilson, indeed," she murmured, as she made her way to the superintendent's desk to hand in her resignation. "I guess I can give her pointers on clerking."

The train slowed up at Newton Village. As she sprang from the steps of the car the figure she was looking for loomed up in the keen November twilight.

"Oh, Jim!" was all she said, but the man understood, and as he tucked her into the sleigh he looked straight into her eyes.

"I reckoned if anything would bring you back Thanksgiving would. She bent forward so that he could hardly catch the words.

"But it wasn't Thanksgiving Day, Jim, it was—yours."—McCall's Magazine.

Thanksgiving Day. New Year's Day we share with all the world, and Christmas and Easter with all Christendom. The Fourth of July is emphatically our own day, but it is purely patriotic in its significance. Thanksgiving Day is as distinctively American as the Nation's birthday is, and it is sacred to the two strongest forces in American life.

There are plenty of people abroad, and some at home, who do not believe that our people are eminent for religion or domesticity. But they are. And one evidence of it is this very day of annual observance. It may be quite true that a great part of the population does not go to church on the last Thursday of November, and it is evident that much of the day is devoted to football and other outdoor sports. But the day was never a fast day; quite the contrary; in its primitive form and its New England surroundings it was a feast day, so far, at least, as the supplies of food permitted. It was a day of public worship and thanksgiving to God, but even the New Englander did not go to church all day; he devoted no inconsiderable share of it to hearty eating.

Religion has always been a great power in American society—a fact sometimes lost sight of in the multiplicity of religious bodies; it is sometimes supposed that mere denominational partisanship takes the place of real, deep religious feeling. This is not so. No people in the world are more strongly moved by religious feeling in distinction from religious ceremonial and religious habits, and to no people is it more natural to give thanks to God for national and individual blessings. Some Englishmen come over here, glance at our family hotels and our apartment houses and go back to their own country with the story that there is no home life in America. It is as great a mistake as we Americans make when we imagine the French to be without domesticity because their vocabulary has no precise equivalent for our word "home." The truth is that domesticity is a human and not a national feeling.

There will be also a recommendation of a tribunal that will pass on how many bonds and how many shares of stock every interstate railroad may issue, to prevent the watering of stock. At one time the President said: "This is important, because when you water stock you only do it to deceive people and get them to pay more than the stock is worth."

Further, Mr. Taft said, it is wrong because it builds a false foundation on which to reckon what reasonable freight rates are.

To expedite the work of making railroads obey the law, the President will recommend a reorganization of the Bureau of Corporations, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Department of Justice that the three may work progressively and not be stumbling over one another, as they are under the present system. But the President will make it clear that he is not attacking corporations that work legitimately. His own expression on that subject is:

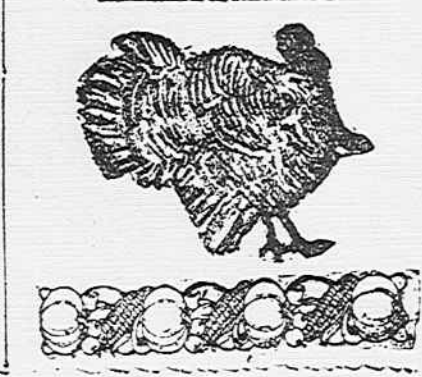
"We could not get along without corporations. They are a necessary instrument in the business of the country. But as we give them privileges, so they must recognize their responsibility and to keep them within the law."

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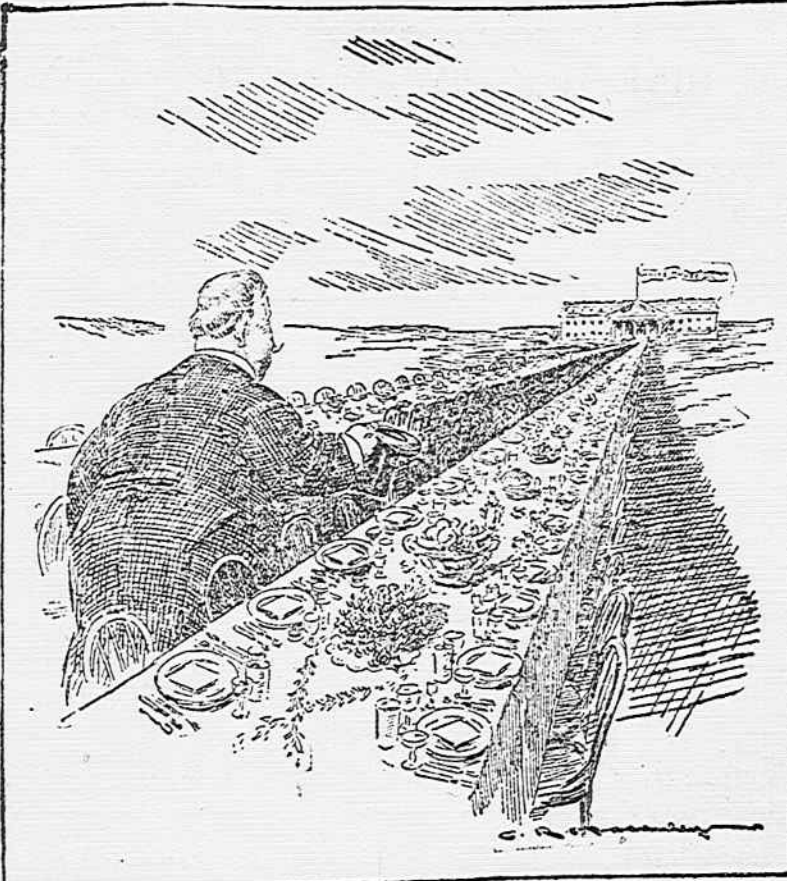
The common law, he will recommend that the law be amended to narrow and confine it to combinations and conspiracies to suppress competition and establish monopolies, and to leave out the denunciations of general restraints of trade. He will not recommend that labor unions be specifically

insanity caused strange auto deaths in Chicago. Chicago.—The body of Ernst Camp, the chauffeur who drove his automobile with two passengers into the river Sunday night, has been recovered. The bodies of Miss Beatrice Shapiro and Max Cohen are still in the river. It has been learned that Camp's parents are insane, and the theory of the police is that he was also. The tragedy has aroused a public demand for an ordinance requiring mental and physical examination of all men who drive automobiles.

Jottings About Sports. Young, the Yale freshman centre, weighs 250 pounds. High of Brown, is regarded as one of the best backs of the season. Howe, the Yale quarterback, is a brother of last year's crew captain. Syracuse has all the players of last season's baseball team except Stein and Banks. Roy Mercer, the freshman pole vaulter at Pennsylvania, has a record of 12 feet 1 1/2 inches. There is a noticeable lack of heavyweight candidates among the high school elevens this season.



## ON THE HOMESTRETCH.



—Cartoon by C. R. Macauley, in the New York World.

## OUTLINE OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S ANNUAL MESSAGE.

Roosevelt Policies to Be Commended to Congress and Corporations the Chief Topic—Better Anti-Trust Law, Railroad Rate Court and Anti-Stock Watering Plan to Be Recommended—Conservative Regarding Mississippi—Commission Government For Alaska.

Augusta, Ga. — The keynote of President Taft's message to the coming session of Congress will be this statement:

"This Administration was elected on a platform that we proposed to carry out the policies of Theodore Roosevelt, and we propose to keep that promise."

The President reserves to himself the right to decide what those policies are. He has said in public addresses that he more than any other man, perhaps, had been in a position to know just what Roosevelt did or did not believe.

"Mr. Roosevelt's chief policy," he has said, "was the determination to make the great corporations of the country obey the law, and those corporations included the railroads and the great industrial corporations that do a large industrial business, and that have shown a tendency to monopolize that business and suppress competition."

Mr. Taft has indicated clearly enough in his speeches what his message will be.

It will recommend an unusually long program for Congress and one that is likely to revive a good deal of the hostility shown to the Roosevelt Administration on the score of the railroad rate legislation.

The President has been looking forward to the possibility of serious opposition within the ranks of his own party is indicated by his recent speeches.

Mr. Taft will recommend a court of five members in order that when the Interstate Commerce Commission shall decide a rate is unreasonable a reasonable rate may be made at once, with no appeal on the part of the railroads except to the Supreme Court. This is to make the Hepburn rate bill effective. He will point out that the five judges, having no other business before them, can not only expedite legislation, but naturally will become rate experts.

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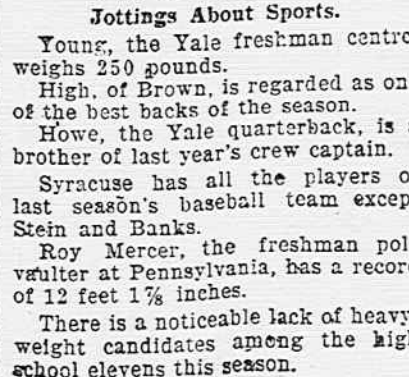
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## HELIGOLAND.

The North Sea Sentinel of Germany.

Heligoland, where the German fleet has now gathered for manoeuvres, guards the entrance to Germany's two greatest ports, and is probably that one of her possessions which she regards with most complacency, as having been obtained from England for the asking. Not, of course, that it would have been wise to neglect the opportunity of healing of what was an open sore even though we received in exchange for it a perfectly illusory compensation, which was really not Germany's to give or withhold—the suzerainty of Zanzibar.

But although Germany obtained this beautiful and useful island so easily and cheaply, she does not hold it the less dear for that. She is fortifying it—has indeed fortified it—afire modern ideas, so that it will indeed be a formidable obstacle in the way of any Power threatening the approaches to Hamburg and Bremen.

What, however, will strike an impartial observer most forcibly in the contemplation of Heligoland to-day is the marvellous way in which it has become completely Germanized in the short space of nine years. I am afraid that this argues a neglect of the island when Britain owned it, and yet it may not be so. For self-contained little communities like that of Heligoland and Malta have a way of preserving their individuality in some important respects and of imitating their overlords in others that is not easily to be explained.

How very few, indeed, of the Maltese in Malta speak English! A very bad patois of Italian and the ancient Phoenician are their colloquial media, and the parallel holds exactly in Heligoland, where English is practically unknown; the better classes speak German, and the bulk of the population a patois of their own, which is akin to the ancient Frisian. Under German rule, however, Heligoland has prospered, has been made to feel that its circumstances could not fail to be bettered by its inclusion in the mighty German Empire; and although the conditions of individual freedom are certainly far less easy than they were, there are no signs that the people resent this change.

A cynic might say that they dare not, but, given a sympathetic listener, the individual who feels the shoe pinch seldom fails to air his grievances. And I find that while there is a slight sentimental regret for the British flag manifested by those who were born under it, such a feeling is entirely outweighed by the pride they take in the position occupied by Germany among the nations to-day.

The comfort, yes, prosperity, exhibited by the islanders is very marked, especially in comparison with the islands of the Netherlands, which, like Heligoland, gain their livelihood by fishing and the money spent by visitors during the summer. There are no beggars here and no appearance of either poverty or squalor. All men, women and children are well dressed and appear to be well fed, also to have an air of independence that sits very well upon them.

This is shown also by the great number of large, well built fishing boats lying upon the strand and anchored between the two well built piers, a number out of all proportion to the tiny population of 4000. Fishing is a really prosperous industry here, the fishermen's gains ranging between five and ten shillings a day each, and in the summer, when, as most seaside visitors know, coastal fishing is suspended by the working of natural laws, which draw the fish off into deeper water, there comes the great influx of visitors. Their numbers average 30,000, and where on earth they are all bestowed seems a mystery, although no doubt it is easy of solution to the trained caterer for the wants of seaside visitors.

There must be something extremely fascinating in a place which without any natural advantages, such as are possessed by Jersey and Guernsey and the Isle of Man, for instance, can draw so large a concourse of people to face an open sea journey of thirty miles in comparatively small steamers, if they come from Cuxhaven, while if the whole journey is made along the Elbe from Hamburg it takes from seven to eight hours. All the amusements and recreations, save such as the modest Kurhaus affords, belong to the sea. There are no gardens or recreation grounds, and the one pier, as distinguished from the unfinished breakwater, is just a pier and nothing more; there is not even an efficient shelter upon it. And the walks are severely restricted to a few hundred yards, unless the visitor be energetic enough to climb a great many steps up to the summit of the red rocks. There he will find a magnificent view over the North Sea on every side, but he will also find it well, especially if a stranger, to read most carefully the notices which abound, to refrain from carrying a camera or making notes of however innocent a nature. Neglect of these simple precautions is certain to land him in serious difficulties, from which, if he is an Englishman, he will find it difficult to extricate himself, even with much loss of time, money and temper.

For it cannot be too widely known that the doctrine of British citizenship in the sense that it was once understood is now entirely inverted. Should the visitor to foreign lands or even the United States imagine that the statement of his being an Englishman is likely to help him in any difficulty with the authorities, and act up to that idea, he will receive such a lesson as will last him the remainder of his life.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that the notices I refer to above are for the purpose of warning every one not entitled to an entry away from the fortifications that the prohibition of arms is absolute and that any infringement of it is a crime. The German military and naval authorities immediately follow the prohibition of arms. It is nothing if not more use for me has for earless men. To descend to lighter than air used to

All Future Boston Schoolhouses to Have Sun and Fresh-Air Rooms. Boston.—All new school buildings erected in this city in the future are to contain sun and fresh-air rooms, according to a communication to be sent by the School Commission to the Schoolhouse Commission. A report containing such a recommendation was adopted at a special meeting.

A committee of the board has been under consideration a plan for utilizing the roofs of the present buildings, and it is probable that a recommendation will be made on this.

Prominent People. Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, is fifty-one years old. Whitelaw Reid, editor and diplomat, Ambassador to Great Britain, is seventy-two. Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, N. Y., said that his name had been forwarded to a letter used to collect campaign funds. General Frederick D. Grant said in Chicago that he would willingly resign from the United States army if by so doing he could further the cause of temperance.

notice in the grocers' shop windows among a multiplicity of bottles bearing the names of strange drinks from all European lands the packages of well known British makers of biscuits, sweet stuffs, jams and preserved fruits. No doubt the consumption is very small, and possibly it is a relic of the British occupation, but there it is.—London Mail.

## Gas Tanks vs. the City Beautiful.

By LOUISE HEATON HUNT.

The Consolidated Gas Company, of New York, a few years ago erected a large gas tank along Riverside Drive shadowing Grant's tomb. There was opposition from the press, but nothing was done. The Flatbush Gas Company, a subsidiary of the Brooklyn Union, has just completed a tank 191 feet in diameter and 237 feet high in Flatbush in the Borough of Brooklyn. This is the highest structure in the borough. It stands in a region of homes, and immediately adjacent to the Kings County Hospital and other public buildings. It can be plainly seen from Eastern Parkway, the Brooklyn Institute and Prospect Park. It has taken away from many the equity in their homes, and is a blot upon the landscape for miles around. The Public Service Commission was first appealed to by the property owners and Civic Associations of Flatbush, but it decided that it had no jurisdiction. Two suits for an injunction were brought, one by the property owners and one by the city of New York. The city was defeated at special term, and recently the Appellate Division dismissed its appeal with scant courtesy on the ground that an offense to the sight cannot be a nuisance. This is not good logic, and should not be good law. If such a structure unreasonably destroys the comfortable enjoyment of property, it comes within the definition of nuisance. No one of the senses should be discriminated against. It is to be hoped that the Court of Appeals will have opportunity to pass upon this question.

American cities were formerly concerned only with growth. Now they are placing their energies in development. Eyesores such as this, destructive of property and the beauty of a city should not be tolerated. Gas tanks and all their kith and kin should be placed, not where it is most economical, but where they will do the least harm. When erected in a city they should be built of moderate height. The "skyscraper" tanks are unnecessarily harmful. If the courts will not protect municipalities against such invasion, adequate laws should be at once enacted. In England tanks may not be erected within 300 yards of a residence without the consent of the owner and occupants. In no continental city can tanks be placed without regard for public welfare. The location of gas works and tanks should be subject to the approval of the public service commission, and the consent of owners of houses used exclusively for residential purposes within a prescribed distance should be required. We guard residential sections against saloons by such a law. Who would not prefer a saloon as a neighbor to a huge gas tank?—The Survey.

## How He Made a Cuddie.

A gentleman went into a pipemaker's shop with the intention of seeing the method of making pipes. The proprietor, who was a Scotchman, had arrived from Edinburgh a few weeks ago.

When the Philadelphia got in the shop he found only a boy back of the counter, so without more ado he thus addressed him:

"Well, my callant, I'll give you a quarter if you show me how you make your pipes."

"I canna mak' a peep, sir," replied the lad. "I can only mak' a cuddie."

"A cuddie! What's that, my hinner?"

"It's a short peep," replied the boy, "sic as men and women smoke out on."

"I'll give you a quarter if you show me how you make that."

"Gie's yer quarter furst," was the reply.

The gentleman gave the boy the quarter, and he took a long pipe and broke a piece off it, saying:

"There, now, sir, that is the way I mak' cuddies."—Philadelphia Times.

## The American Tipper.

Ernst Muller, in his Reisebilder, tells this story: "In the matter of tips to servants of high and low degree there is no one who can compare with the New Yorker. He uses neither judgment nor arithmetic in making these donations. Sometimes I have compared this quality with a certain kind of hysteria. The woman who has 'faint spells' is seldom overcome when alone, but usually in the presence of those who, she thinks, will sympathize with her. So it is with the big tip New Yorker. When he takes his luncheon alone his tip is of the normal kind; when he is accompanied by a guest his 'liberality' makes itself manifest, and when he is the host at a large gathering he has a regular fit of generosity."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Liberia's New Language.

There is in use in some parts of the West Coast of Africa a system of writing, of native invention, which is said to be successfully competing with English writing. It is called the Val language and was invented by Dosu Burke, assisted by five of his friends. The characters resemble Egyptian hieroglyphics, but the tongue is said to be harmonious, relatively easy to pronounce, and with a grammar that is far from difficult. It is being more and more used in West Africa, and it is said may become the dominant form of native speech in Liberia and adjacent countries.—Kansas City Journal.

## Illogical Woman.

Ellobbs—"A woman is always illogical."

Slobbs—"Of course she is; a woman will always expect you to remember her birthday, but never her age."—Philadelphia Record.

